Vngouernd youth, to waile it with her age,
The parents liue whose children thou hast butchered;
Old witherd plants to waile it with their age:
Sweare not by time to come, for that thou hast
Misused, ere vsed, by time misused orepast.
King. As I intend to prosper and repent,
So thriue I in my dangerous attempt
Of hostile armes, my selfe, my selfe confound,
Day yeild me not thy light, nor night thy rest,
Be opposite all planets of good lucke
To my proceedings, if with pure hearts loue,
Immaculated deuotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beautious Princely daughter,
In her consists my happinesse and thine.
Without her follows to this land and me.
To thee her selfe and many a Christian soule,
Sad desolate ruine and decay.
It cannot be auoyded but by this:
It will not be auoyded but by this:
Therefore good mother (I must call you so)
Be the atturney of my loue to her.
Plead what I will be, not what I haue beene,
Not by deserts, but what I will deserue:
Vrge the necessity and state of times,
And be not peeuish fond in deepe designes,
Qu. Shall I be tempted of the diuell thus?
King. I, if the diuell tempt thee to doe good.
Qu. Shall I forget my selfe, to be my selfe?
King. I, if your selues remembrance wrong your selues.
Qu. But thou didst kill my children,
King. But in your daughters wombe ile bury them,
Wherein that nest of spicery there shall breed,
Selfes of themselues to your recomfiture.
Qu. Shall I goe winne my daughter to thy will?
King. And be a happy mother in the deed,
Qu. I goe, write to me very shortly.
King. Beare her my true loues kisse: farewell. *Exit Qu.*
Relenting foole, and shallow changing woman. *Enter Rat.*
Rat. My gracious soueraigne on the Westerne coast,
Rideth

Rideth a puissant Nauy: To the
Throng many doubtfull hollow
Vnarmd and vnresolu'd to beate
Tis thought that *Richmond* is th
And there they hull expecting
Of *Buckingham*, to welcome th
King. Some light-foote friend
Ratliffe thy selfe, or *Catesby*, whe
Cat. Here my Lord.
King. Flye to the Duke: post
When thou commest there, dull
Why standst thou still, and goe
Cat. First mighty soueraigne l
What from your grace I shall
Kin. O true, good *Catesby*, bid
The greatest strength and pow
And meete me presently at *Sa*
Rat. What is your highnesse
King. Why, what shouldst th
Rat. Your highnesse told me
King. My mind is chang'd fi
How now, what news with yo
Dar. None good my Lord to
Nor none so bad but it may wel
King. Hoyday a riddle neyth
Why dost thou runne so many
When thou mayst tell thy tale
Once more, what news?
Dar. *Richmond* is on the seas
King. There let him sinke, and
White liuered runnagate, wha
Dar. I know not mighty soue
King. Well sir, as you guesse,
Dar. Sturd vp by *Dorset*, *Buck*
He makes for *England*, there t
King Is the chaire empty?
Is the King dead? the Empire
What heire of *Yorke* is their ali
And who is *Englands* King, bu

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22321) LONDON, 1634 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 37